

*The Chronicle History*

Yet God before, we will come on,  
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;  
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,  
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour  
So *Montjoy* get you gone, there's for your paines:  
The sum of all our answer is but this,  
We would not seeke a battle as we are;  
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

*Herald.* I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

*Gloster.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs  
now.

*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;  
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,  
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

*Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.*

*Con.* Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

*Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,  
But let my horse haue his due.

*Bur.* Now you talke of a horse,  
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,  
Nothing but pure aire and fire,  
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

*Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

*Bur.* And of the heate of the Ginger.  
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,  
And my horse is argument for them all:  
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,  
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,  
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

*Bur.* Why then did they imitate  
That which I writ in praise of my horse,  
For my horse is my Mistresse.

*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me-thought  
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

*Bur.*

*of Henry the fift.*

*Bur.* I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,  
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.

*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,  
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

*Bur.* Tut, thou wilt make vse of any thing.

*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistresse.

*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,  
And my way shall be pauered with english faces.

*Con.* By my faith so will not I,  
For feare I be out-faced of my way.

*Bur.* Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay, *Exit.*

*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.

*Orleance.* I, he longs to eate the English.

*Con.* I thinke hee'l eate all he kils.

*Orlean.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.

*Con.* Ile cap that Prouerbe,  
With there's flattery in friendship.

*Orle.* O sir, I can answer that,  
With giue the Diuell his due.

*Con.* Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,  
With a iogge of the Diuell.

*Orle.* Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is simply  
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

*Con.* Doing his actiuity, and hee'l still be doing.

*Orle.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

*Orle.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

*Con.* I was told so by one that knowes him better then  
you.

*Orle.* Whose that?

*Con.* Why he told me so himselfe.  
And said he cared not who knew it.

*Orle.* Well, who will go with me to hazard,  
For a hundred English prisoners?

*Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before